Guidance

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Summary

Kinktober Day 30: Gagging + Swallowing.

Will acts out at a party, and Hannibal helps him calm down by keeping his mouth otherwise occupied.

Notes

The penultimate Kinktober fic! This day's prompts had me scratching my head until I decided oral knotting was the answer, and it's quite soft to balance out some of the recent intense ones.

In retrospect, it was easy for Will to see where he had crossed a line. But at the time, he was overstimulated and low on energy, and a few snippy, rude remarks didn't seem like that big of a deal—at least, not until Hannibal materialized out of the blue to drag him away as politely as possible, finding a less populated corridor where they could discuss his behavior. As his alpha, it wouldn't have been considered outrageous for Hannibal to rebuke him directly, though it was notably old-fashioned, but they both preferred a less public approach.

"Will. What did I tell you to do if you felt you were getting tired and could no longer control your temper?"

Will clenched his jaw, refusing to make eye contact. "I *told* you this was a bad idea. There's a reason I don't do big events."

"And I provided you with an easy exit if you needed it, which you clearly did not take advantage of. What did I tell you to do?"

He huffed. "You told me to go to you and ask for a timeout."

"Why didn't you?"

He shrugged. "I'm not a *child*, Hannibal, I don't need *timeouts*."

"Clearly you do, or we would not be having this conversation."

"Maybe I just need a moment of peace without your friends being snobby assholes," Will snapped.

He knew as soon as he spoke that he had once again gone too far. Hannibal's expression barely changed, nearly blank as he watched him in silence, but Will knew retribution was coming. He could smell the change in the air between them.

"You're showing a remarkable lack of respect for me, Will. Have you forgotten your place?" Hannibal's voice was quiet, but it stung worse than a slap.

"I didn't forget, I just—"

Hannibal silenced him with a single finger against his lips, and Will immediately flushed. "Are you capable of speaking right now without using vulgarities or otherwise running your mouth?"

Will dropped his gaze, and shook his head.

"Do you need help getting your temper back under control?"

He hesitated, but his eyes landed on his hands, which had unconsciously clenched into fists. Reluctantly, he nodded.

“Thank you for being honest,” Hannibal said. “Please go to our room and wait for me—I just need to give instructions to the servers to make sure everything runs smoothly while I’m gone.”

Will nodded again, wrangling the impulse to make a snarky comment on Hannibal’s fussiness. He just barely bit it back. Hannibal eyed him carefully, as if he knew what Will was thinking, and Will hastily turned and walked away toward their room.

He sat on the edge of the bed. He could still hear the party, but it was muffled, and he felt some of the tension in his shoulders ease. Still, his emotions were tightly wound. He was aware that he had behaved inappropriately and embarrassed Hannibal, and he was feeling more snappish than truly repentant at the moment.

Fortunately, Hannibal didn’t make him wait long. Once inside and with the door securely closed, he unbuttoned his suit jacket and set it carefully aside before saying a single word to Will.

“Are you going to behave now? Or is this brattish behavior going to continue until I rectify it myself?”

Will bit his lip. He knew submission was the best way to snap himself out of his current mood, but that didn’t mean it was easy to submit freely when he was already so riled up, even to his mate. “Make me,” he said quietly.

Hannibal’s eyes gleamed, and if Will didn’t know better he’d say this impishness pleased him. He strode forward and slid his fingers through Will’s hair, at first softly, a pleasant tingling sensation—then captured a bunch of curls and tightened his fist, sending an aching pain through his scalp. He pulled Will’s head backward, forcing him to bare his neck and meet his eyes. Will shivered, instinctively hyperaware of the vulnerability of baring his neck like this.

“Now, now,” Hannibal said sternly. “I know you’re capable of cooperating. Be a good boy and get on your knees for me.”

Will wasn’t going to cooperate so easily, not when the tight grasp on his hair assured him that Hannibal would do as he requested and make it happen regardless. He shook his head, and gasped as Hannibal tugged sharply. He felt slightly lightheaded already, slipping into a more submissive state of mind. But a determined shred of defiance burst through, and he smiled in anticipation as he said, “Screw you.”

Hannibal smacked his cheek, and Will exhaled in a huff. He wet his lips, and felt the first true stirrings of arousal, tightening his loins. Deliberately provoking Hannibal was rude, but effective.

“That won’t do, Will,” Hannibal said, voice uncompromising. “I think it’s best I give you something to occupy your mouth other than backtalk, until you calm down.”

He tugged Will forward by his hair and half-dragged him onto the floor, ignoring the grunt of discomfort when his knees hit the ground.

“Stay.”

Will stared at the floor and remained still as Hannibal moved out of his peripheral vision, getting something from a drawer. He stood behind Will, who felt the brush of a leather collar sliding around his neck. It was buckled in place, though he noticed Hannibal left it quite loose. Still, when he closed his eyes he could feel its weight, and it was reassuring. A pleasant reminder that Hannibal was in charge and was going to take care of him, regardless of how cooperative Will had been. This wasn’t the sort of collaring of omegas that had been common practice a century or two ago, but rather something they had settled on themselves. Although they both gained some pleasure from playing into their traditional roles, Hannibal enforced discipline not because society expected it of him, but because it worked for their relationship—no matter how much Will might fuss about it at times.

Hannibal took the time to run his finger beneath the collar and over the mark of their bond, a crescent of scarred flesh near the junction of his shoulder.

“Tell me who you belong to,” Hannibal said quietly.

“I belong to you,” Will said, eyes fixed on the floor.

“Do you know what I’m going to ask you to do?”

“Use my mouth to pleasure you?”

“Yes. But more than that, Will, because you’ve been very rude. And you need to be reminded that your mouth is mine to use, and there are better things to have in it than filthy words.”

Will raised his eyebrows. “Still sounds like you’re talking about a blowjob.”

Hannibal threaded his fingers through Will’s hair, warningly. “Don’t be impudent.”

“Then you shouldn’t be vague.”

Hannibal’s hairs secured a bunch of hair and yanked Will’s head back. Hard enough to hurt and make his throat feel tight and stretched. He hissed and arched his back to relieve the pressure, but he didn’t struggle.

“I’ll be very clear, then. You will pleasure me, and I will fuck your throat. But I will not pull out to come, Will—today I’ll be knotting your mouth, and you will keep me lodged in your throat like a good cock-warmer until it recedes. You won’t be able to say a word for at least five minutes, then.”

Will closed his eyes and a soft, breathy moan escaped him. Hannibal rarely knotted his mouth. It was uncomfortable for Will, and he had to be careful so his teeth wouldn’t get in the way. But it would also be absolutely effective in getting him to shut up until his mood had passed. No room for arguments with an alpha’s cock stuck down his throat, feeding him his cum.

Hannibal released his hair. “Now will you cooperate?”

“I’ll try.”

“I need better than that. Be polite.”

He swallowed. “Yes, sir. I’ll cooperate.”

“That’s much better.”

Hannibal sat on the bed in front of him and opened his fly, pulling his pants down to his knees, and Will sidled into place between his legs.

He lowered his head and inhaled deeply. The scent of his alpha and the sight of his cock, already tantalizingly thick, garnered a Pavlovian response—saliva pooling on his tongue and a ripple of heat down his tailbone that told him he’d be getting slick soon.

He felt Hannibal’s hand on his head, just resting but clearly encouraging him. He raised his own hand automatically to begin touching Hannibal, but Hannibal clicked his tongue.

“No hands today, Will. Keep them clasped either behind or in front of you. I’ll set the pace.”

Will nodded, and joined his hands in front of himself. His face grew hotter—this was not a new trick, but being ordered not to use his hands always made him feel a little less like a person, and a little more like an animate sex doll. That was probably the point, here.

He leaned in to lap at Hannibal’s cock, dragging the flat of his tongue along it until it glistened with spit. Hannibal’s fingertips ran leisurely across his scalp, circling soothingly and making Will shiver—both from the softness of the touch, and the knowledge that at any moment he could grasp his hair and more firmly direct him.

He mouthed at the tip, and Hannibal helped guide it into his mouth. Will’s tongue curled beneath it and he licked along the perineum. His eyes rolled back as precum dribbled onto his tongue, the taste of his alpha urging him to become lax and ready for his use.

Hannibal was not harsh, but he was unrelenting in his motions—pushing Will’s head down and back up, flexing his hips until Will felt a tickle at his tonsils, then back again. He wasn’t forcing himself too deep, until suddenly he was: carrying the momentum forward until Will could feel the tight knob of his head bulging in his throat.

The muscles of his throat tried their best to dislodge him and Will reflexively tried to pull back, but his skull was gripped too tightly to move anywhere. He groaned between gags, but it was arousal as much as it was discomfort. Hannibal worked himself smoothly in and out of the clench of Will’s throat for a few moments before loosening the hold on him and allowing him to pull back until the head just rested between his lips, still retching slightly. His eyes were watering.

“It’s been too long since you’ve had your throat properly used,” Hannibal observed. “Your gag reflex has gotten stronger.”

Will nodded weakly, shifting his seat to try to find a more comfortable position that could ease the arousal that was building so steadily between his thighs. “Not my fault you prefer

my ass," he said, a smile trying to make its way to his face.

Hannibal raised his brows. "And whose responsibility is it to make sure you're always prepared to serve your alpha? Yours, or mine?"

Will shivered and licked his lips. "Mine, sir."

"Precisely. Perhaps I must instruct you to practice more regularly on your own. As it is, this might be more uncomfortable for you than it ought to be."

Will nodded, and didn't even think of protesting. Hannibal's taste had filled his mouth, dripped down the back of his tongue, made slick drip down his thighs. He still had the restless energy that had caused him trouble earlier, and his fingers dug into each other where they were clasped, trying to ground him so he could stay in this moment. "Please," he said quietly. "I can take it. Make me take it, sir."

He mouthed at the head, damp kisses, though he didn't dare try to take in the whole thing until Hannibal had made it clear he was to move forward.

Hannibal's lips curved, clear fondness softening his expression. "Very good, Will."

He clasped Will's cheeks with both hands, thumbing over his cheekbones and flattening against his jaw, enough pressure to encourage Will to open his mouth. When Will did, he moved them further back, straddling his ears and curving his fingers around the dip at the base of his skull—a notorious omega pressure point.

When Will bobbed down and tried to yank back when the intrusion hit the back of his throat, Hannibal's hands were there to stop him. Will choked, but the pressure stopped him from rearing up at the same time as it stimulated that sensitive spot and made a tremor trail down his spine and along his shoulder blades, and his muscles softened.

He moaned, though muffled, and Hannibal leveraged his head even further down. Will could feel his cock making space for itself in his throat, stretching his esophagus and making it riot in defense. His eyes squeezed shut as he tried and failed to retch, and he lost track of what exactly Hannibal was saying to him—just that his voice was calm, soothing, praising.

In some kind of muscle memory, the gagging finally stopped, and his throat went loose. Hannibal rocking into his mouth triggered it, but manageably.

"Look up at me, Will."

He raised his eyes, vision blurred and lashes damp. It was difficult, at this angle, but he could see Hannibal's pleased smile.

"My beautiful boy. You feel better already, don't you, putting your mouth to good use."

He would have nodded if he could—instead, he just grunted as best he could.

"I'll have to be rougher to trigger my knot. Stay calm, and remember to breathe."

He tried to remember that advice, but if not for the continued pressure on his neck he would have tensed up again from the onslaught that began. Hannibal took his hair in one hand, yanking him back and forth, dragging him close so he could fuck up into his throat more easily. The soft flesh at the back of his throat was battered ruthlessly, and he gagged repeatedly, but Hannibal paid him no mind. Will focused on taking breaths each time he pulled back, but he still felt lightheaded.

There was a stutter in Hannibal's movements. "Open your mouth wider, darling. Let me in."

Will obeyed as best he could, jaw muscles protesting the strain, and Hannibal simultaneously pulled him in as far as possible, until Will's nose pressed into his stomach. Will felt something new and large in his mouth, pressing on his tongue. Hannibal let out a groan and jerked his hips forward, even with nothing left to force into him, and Will whimpered. His throat still contracted, though with much more fatigue, and he felt thoroughly stuffed. Hannibal directed his head in short motions, gentler now, careful to stop when his knot started to graze his teeth, until he grunted and Will felt the pulse of his cock along his tongue from tip to root. He could feel the warm gush of cum down his throat, and seconds later tasted the flavor wash up into the back of his mouth, too much to swallow so quickly. He gagged again and forced himself to try. Hannibal's knot was snugly settled behind his teeth, swollen against his hard palate. If he needed to, he could probably stretch his jaw open another click to have Hannibal withdraw, though he would scrape against his teeth, but the thought made his already-tired jaw throb. Instead he settled, teeth resting ever-so-lightly on the root.

Hannibal murmured something and pet through his curls gently. Will couldn't quite decipher his words—his ears had filled with the steady throbbing of his blood, and so much of his awareness was entangled with his throat and its current state, either gagging or calm. It had mostly settled now, with only an occasional spasm surfacing. In its calm moments, Will was intensely aware of how full he was, how huge Hannibal was in his throat, and how his anxiously tensing muscles had worn down and gone lax to accept him at last. With his lips unable to form a seal, it wasn't long before saliva began to spill and drip down his chin, but he was long past caring.

"Milk my knot, if you can," Hannibal said, voice loud and clear enough to break through the fog, and Will blinked at him.

In a normal knotting position, it was natural for an omega's muscles to squeeze around the alpha's knot in an attempt to draw out another load of cum. Trickier when he was already feeling overstuffed, and knew a second orgasm could prolong the knotting.

But he wanted to please Hannibal, couldn't resist trying when he was in such a position. So he tried sliding his tongue around the knot as best he could, pressing into it. There was still a bit of room between the knot and the root, or else knotting positions would be much more difficult to maintain—so he forced himself to press closer, even as it reawakened his gag reflex and made him tear up, and managed to tease his tongue just beneath the knot, where alphas were more sensitive as biology's way of encouraging them to lock properly inside someone.

Hannibal grunted and his fingers twisted in Will's hair as the omega did his best to draw him to orgasm once more. Then Will felt the rewarding throb of the alpha's cock the full length of his tongue, and more cum dribble down the back of his throat. He blinked water from his eyes and Hannibal wiped his face clear with his fingers, a deep rumbling purr in his chest.

"Beautiful, Will," he said, and Will melted, the praise settling across his skin with a shiver.

It was oddly soothing to know how his body had physically quieted itself and rooted in place, as if it gave his mind permission to do the same. And Hannibal was right—like this he couldn't even think about something bratty to snipe about, let alone say them. His very tongue was weighted down by his alpha's knot, and there was no room for his words.

When his jaw began to ache he whined softly, at least as much as he could with his mouth stuffed full. Hannibal drew his hands over his cheeks, gently rubbing where his jaw was strained.

"You're doing well. Not much longer, now."

Will shivered and released the tension that had started to build along his back and shoulders. He still ached, but the discomfort just fed into his submissive mindset. Breathing in, all he smelled was Hannibal. All he tasted was Hannibal. And that let his mind blank, fading to a buzz of white noise and his alpha's presence.

He could feel the knot shrinking, but tried his best not to test its size in his mouth, for fear of making it swell again. When Hannibal softened and eased Will back, his jaw felt cramped from the strangeness of being mobile once again, and he winced, but he didn't mind terribly. He stretched his jaw open and closed, and drooped his head until it was rested on Hannibal's thigh. He felt warm and tingly, still bathed in an odd sort of calm. Hannibal continued to pet over his hair.

"How are you feeling now, Will?"

He grunted softly and nuzzled closer. "Mm. Subspace," he mumbled, voice hoarse. His throat was still uncomfortable, as if Hannibal's presence for so long had mildly bruised the delicate tissue there. He liked that idea.

"I'd gathered," Hannibal said, and Will could hear the smile in his voice. It made him smile in response. "No longer feeling like causing a fuss?"

Will tried to shake his head, which in reality was more of a vague wiggle. "No, sir."

"Very good. Off your knees, then, they'll be stiff. Onto the bed."

Will obeyed. As promised, his knees were stiff and creaky, but he quickly collapsed next to Hannibal, with no regard for rumpling his clothes.

Hannibal tutted and smoothed over his shirt. "If you insist on taking this time to lounge with no regard for your clothes, you'll have to change before going out to make your apologies."

Will knew how this worked, of course. Once the haze of subspace had receded, he had to make amends for whatever behavior had needed correction, with the assistance of a much calmer state of mind. No longer bristling, and content to have Hannibal direct him.

He sighed and sat back up, choosing instead to lean against Hannibal, nosing into his neck. He smelled sweet, sated, and it made Will purr with contentment. He knew his scent, in turn, was feeding Hannibal's satisfaction—a feedback loop of pleasure, where there had only been agitation before.

"Thank you," he said quietly. "For helping me."

Hannibal's arm wrapped around him. He was softer like this, warmer once Will no longer needed him to be so firm. Never a pushover—that would do neither of them any good. But Will knew that no matter how strict he may be with Will's behavior, he cared.

"It's my pleasure, dear."

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